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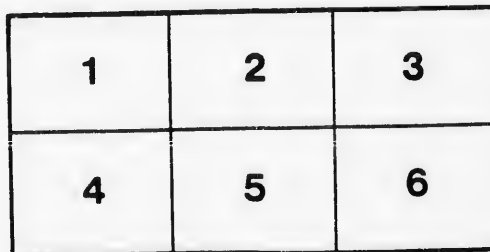
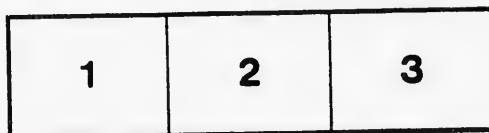
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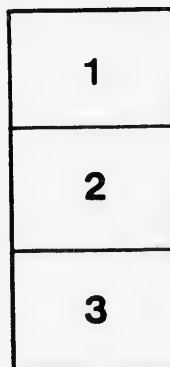
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“The Haymakers,”

OPERATIC CANTATA

in two acts

by  
G. S. ...

# Caste.

FARMER		
MARY } Farmers Daughters		MR. TURNER.
ANNA }		MRS. ARCHER.
WILLIAM	Farmer's Assistant	MRS. BOLTON.
JOHN	Farmer's Assistant	MR. ARCHER.
KATE	Dairy Maid	MR. THORNTON.
SNIPKINS (Swell from town unaccustomed to rural affairs)		MRS. SMITH.
		Mr. Berry.

**SOPRANOS.**  
 MRS. ARCHER  
 " TWIFORD  
 " SMITH  
 " CAPES  
 MISS DOVE  
 " M. DOVE  
 " STEWART  
 " WELSH

**TENORS.**  
 MR ARCHER  
 " MALLANDAINE  
 " LOMAS  
 " HOLMES  
 " OWENS  
 " BERRY  
 " McLeod

**CONTRALTOS.**  
 MRS. BOLTON  
 " REID  
 MISS DOIDGE  
 " ALLEN

**BASSES.**  
 MR. THORNTON  
 " TURNER  
 " WELSH  
 " BARKER  
 " ROWLEY

		<b>ORCHESTRA.</b>	
1st. VIOLINS	Leader of Orchestra.		MR. G. J. DYKE
" ...	" ...	" ...	MISS WILKINSON
" ...	" ...	" ...	MR. REYNOLDS
FLUTE ...	" ...	" ...	
CORNET ...	" ...	" ...	MR. J. W. BARKER
VIOLONCELLO ...	" ...	" ...	MR. F. W. DYKE
DOUBLE BASS...	" ...	" ...	MR. BEACHELL
Conductor ...	" ...	" ...	MR. F. W. DYKE
Manager ...	" ...	" ...	MR. F. J. PAINTON

## Haymakers Libretto.

To secure seats register at  
 Music Wareroom of **PAINTON & DYKE,**  
 305 Cordova Street  
 Vancouver Museums & Planetarium Ass'n.

# "The Haymakers."



1 RECITATIVE. (FARMER.) "*Arouse ye, arouse ye.*"

Arouse ye, arouse ye, men and maidens,  
For the day begins to dawn,  
Bold chanticleer now hails the morn,  
And wakes the echoes far and near.  
Already soars the lark aloft,  
And sings her morning song,  
Shake off dull sloth, and away to the hayfields, away!  
For to-day must many an acre of waving grass be laid low.

2 FULL CHORUS. "*Away to the meadows, away.*"

Away to the meadows, away!  
Come, come, come,  
Away to the meadows, away!  
For soon the sun will arise,  
O come to the hayfields away,  
Come to the field,  
Come to the field, the glow of the morn,  
The glow of the morn spreads o'er the skies.

No sluggards are we,  
But willing and free.

Away, away, yes,  
And swiftly shall fall  
The waving grass tall,  
O haste away,  
Come away, to the meadows away,  
Come, while yet 'tis the dawn of the day,  
Away, to the meadows away, away,  
Away to the meadows, away!

How cheerful is the farmer's life,  
How pure the air he breathes;  
Not his the merchant's wearing care,  
Nor his the sigh he heaves;  
No factory walls confine his limbs,  
Nor crowd in heated streets;  
But out in nature's glorious home  
His healthful toil he greets.

We love to plough, we love to plant,  
 We love to reap the grain.  
 For all in turn give health and strength,  
 And bring us honest gain,  
 But most of all we love the field,  
 Where perfumed odors rise,  
 As, gleaming in the morning sun,  
 We swing our glittering scythes.

Then away to the hay-field, away !  
 Come, O come,  
 Away to the hayfield, away,  
 For soon the sun will appear,  
 Yes, off to the meadows away !  
 Hasten away, to the meadows, away.

3 RECITATIVE & SONG. (SNIPKINS.) "*Heigho! how early the folks.*"

Heigho! How early the folks get up!  
 Why, 'tis scarcely past the middle of the night,  
 Yet the noisy birds already have begun.  
 What with heat and mosquitoes, and crickets, and bull-frogs,  
 and all sorts of noises, in farmyard and barn,  
 I have hardly had a wink, a wink of sleep. Heigho!  
 Some folks like the country, I do'n't! that's all!

You get up in the morning before it is day;  
 And from morning to nightfall you work, work away,  
 Your arms ache, your back aches, you're aching all over,  
 A cutting away at the grass and the clover.

The folks in the country, they all laugh at me,  
 But what 'tis they laugh at, I'm sure I don't see;  
 They say I am green, 'cause the odds I don't know  
 'Twixt a plow and a harrow, a rake and a hoe.

I get hooked by the cows, and get kicked by the mules;  
 Get stung by the bees, and get chased by the bulls,  
 Pick nettles for flowers, and make my hands sore,  
 And have of afflictions a great many more.

4 DUET. (MARY AND ANNA.) "*Sweet morn, how lovely is thy face.*"

Sweet morn how lovely is thy face.  
 A thousand beauties are on earth and sky,  
 The joyous birds from topmost branches sing  
 Their cheerful songs, hark,  
 Their cheerful songs they sing.  
 The flowers that drooped in yester's sun  
 Again lift up their graceful heads,  
 And every tree, and every shrub  
 Is decked with gems of dew, with gems of pearly dew.



To Him who all this beauty made,  
 Whose mercies every morn are new,  
 Who through the night has kept us safe from harm,  
 Lift up we first our morning song of praise.  
 Then to our labour go we forth with cheerful hearts  
 and willing hands.

---

5 FULL CHORUS. "*To Him who made us.*"

To Him who made us, and whose power upholds,  
 Whose bounteous hand our every want supplies,  
 Be endless praise ;  
 Whose wondrous love our erring way enfolds,  
 And night and day with goodness crowns our lives.

To Him whose power the changing seasons bring,  
 The seed-time, harvest, gentle dew and rain,  
 Be endless praise ;  
 For mercies new let our glad voices ring,  
 And high o'er all exalt and praise His name.

---

6 RECITATIVE. (WILLIAM.) "*Now steady swing your scythes.*"

Now steady swing your scythes in measured time,  
 Nor fear upon the smooth and well rolled field a single  
 stone to meet  
 With startling crash and injured blade.  
 Do well what you do, for a small farm well tilled is better  
 than a large one slighted.

---

7 SEMI-CHORUS. (MOWERS) "*With step firm and steady.*"

With step firm and steady the measure we keep,  
 See the grass fall before us as onward we sweep.  
 With care follow close cutting smooth as you go,  
 For when work is well done, then 'tis twice done, you know.

---

9 RECITATIVE. (ANNA.) "*The sun has now drunk up the morning dew.*"

The sun has now drunk up the morning dew,  
 And as he rises gains more power,  
 With light and graceful fork prepare we now to spread the  
 fallen grass,  
 To swing the scythe needs sturdy arms,  
 To swing the scythe needs muscles terse,  
 But here may boys of tender years,  
 And maidens too lend helping hand.

10 SEMI-CHORUS. (SPREADERS.) "*Toss it hither, toss it thither.*"

Toss it hither, toss it thither,  
Neatly spread it to and fro,  
Hither, thither, quickly turn it,  
Over, under, by and through,

Merry voices gaily ringing,  
Ringing over meadow fair,  
Sweetly joining distant music  
Floating on the fragrant air.

## 11 SEMI-CHORUS. (MOWERS AND SPREADERS.)

*Repeat "Toss it hither," (No. 10) and "With step," (No. 7).*

12 RECITATIVE. (MARY.) "*Higher and higher mounts the sun.*"

Higher and higher mounts the sun,  
And more intense become his rays.

13 SONG. (MARY.) "*The birds have sought the forest shade.*"

The birds have sought the forest shade,  
Where cool the soft wind blows,  
Where o'er its mossy bed so green  
The silver brooklet flows;  
The sober cows have left the hills,  
To find in meadow stream,  
Beneath the drooping trees, a shield  
From noontide's sultry beams.

Come, then, companions, seek the shade  
Where cool the soft wind blows,  
Where o'er its mossy bed so fair  
The silver brooklet flows.

Yes, turn we too our weary steps  
To yonder oak tree's shade,  
Where on the green bank 'neath its boughs  
Our simple fare we'll spread;  
The basket's store with water pure,  
Will make the meal complete;  
We ask no more, for well we know  
The laborer's food is sweet.

14 RECITATIVE. (FARMER.) "*The hour of noon is near.*"

---

Yes, the hour of noon is here,  
 Come men and maidens,  
 Cease all your labour, and gather to the noon's repast,  
 Lave heated hands in yonder brook ;  
 Then to our simple fare with grateful hearts,  
 The greensward forms our table and our couch,  
 The spreading oak our glorious canopy.

---

15 CHORUS. "*'Tis the Farmer's welcome call.*"

---

'Tis the farmer's welcome call,  
 Come to dinner,  
 'Tis the farmer's welcome call,  
 Come to dinner,  
 Ah! ye gentry of the town,  
 Little know ye as ye frown,  
 Of the pleasures of the sound,  
 Come to dinner ;  
 From the basket's ample store,  
 There is all we want and more  
 Of the food our hands have won  
 From the willing soil ;  
 This with water from the spring,  
 And the appetites we bring,  
 Give enjoyment only known  
 To the sons of toil.

*Chorus :* Then attend the welcome sound,  
 Come to dinner,  
 Then attend the welcome sound,  
 Come to dinner,  
 Come, ye mowers, one and all,  
 And ye spreaders, great and small,  
 Everyone attend the call,  
 Come to dinner.

Yes, it is the welcome sound,  
 Come to dinner,  
 Yes, it is the welcome sound,  
 Come to dinner,  
 And contentment more than all  
 Makes it sound a welcome call,  
 Although in no noble hall,  
 Come to dinner ;

To the brook we'll hasten now,  
 And refresh each heated brow  
 In the cool and limpid flow  
 Of its waters clear ;  
 And with friendly word and smile,  
 We'll the hour of noon beguile,  
 Resting from our work the while,  
 As we gather here.

---

16 RECITATIVE. (FARMER) "*Refreshed now with vigor new.*"

Refreshed now with vigor new  
 Again resume our labors.  
 Come lads and lassies,  
 Turn again the half-made hay,  
 Bright are the beams of the midday sun,  
 And too much drying is not good.

Toss it hither, toss it thither,  
 Neatly spread it to and fro,  
 Hither, thither, quickly turn it.  
 Over, under, by and through.

Clearer than merry bells on the summer air,  
 Sweetly its music tells of the true and fair.  
 Hark, hark, as they spread to and fro,  
 Hark, hark, now as they onward go.

---

17 RECITATIVE. (FARMER.) "*Prepare we now to close the labors.*"

Prepare we now to close the labors of the day,  
 Take your rakes, men and maidens.  
 Let the weaker go first,  
 And the stronger follow after,  
 That they may bear the heavier burden.

---

18 FULL CHORUS. "*Come, follow, while gaily we rake up the hay.*"

Come, follow, while gayly we rake up the hay,  
 Come then, follow while gayly we rake up the hay,  
 And follow, while gayly we rake up the hay,  
 Blithely, blithely we'll sing as we keep on our way.

But neatly, but neatly no straws leave behind,  
 Gather all as we go, and we'll not lose our time.  
 Not roughly but slower, hold firmly the hand,  
 That the rows and the winnows compactly may stand.  
 Then sing as so gayly we're raking the hay,  
 For this closes the work of the hayfield to-day.

Now roll the heavy winnow, roll,  
 They have left it for the stronger hand,  
 Once, again, companions, roll it, higher, higher yet,  
 And there let it stand.

19 RECITATIVE. (MARY.) "*In the west the sun declineth.*"

In the west the sun declineth,  
 The shadows lengthen on the sward,  
 Homeward now we turn our thoughts,  
 And soon our steps.

20 TRIO AND CHORUS. "*When wandering o'er the deep.*"

When wandering o'er the deep,  
 The sailor turns him home,  
 How earnestly he longs  
 For that sweet hour to come,  
 When he again shall see  
 The dearest earthly spot,  
 Where friends and loved ones true,  
 He knows forget him not.  
 Dear home, loved home,  
 Sweet home.

When worn with care and toil,  
 The soldier marches on,  
 How bounds his heart with joy,  
 If turning to his home,  
 So we with spirits light,  
 Our labour being done,  
 Unite in cheerful song,  
 As we're returning home.  
 Dear home, loved home,  
 There's no place like home.

Home, Home, sweet sweet home,  
 There's no place like home.

21 SONG. (DAIRY MAID.) "*A Dairy Maid am I.*"

A dairy maid am I,  
 Happy and cheerful  
 I sing, and never sigh,  
 As forth to milk I go.  
 My cows then know my voice,  
 All turn to greet me,  
 With looks so wondrous wise,  
 Or gentle welcome low.  
 There's Spot and and there's Daisy,  
 There's Creampot and Katy,

There's Jenny and Bessie,  
 And sober old Roan,  
 And there in the corner is Lady and Ruby,  
 And dear little Beauty who's standing alone.

My heart is light and free,  
 Care I'll not borrow,  
 There's health and joy for me  
 In whatsoe'er I do.

Each flower is my friend,  
 Shedding its fragrance,  
 And breeze and sunshine lend  
 To me their healthful glow.

So Daisy, be quiet,  
 And off with yon Lady,

My pail must be filling,  
 There's work to be done,

Come Jenny and Bessy, now please to be steady,  
 That we may get through ere the set of the sun.

22

CHORUS. "*Softly the twilight fades.*"

Softly the twilight fades,  
 Slowly the darkening shades  
 Creep o'er the leafy glades  
 At evening's close ;  
 Stars from ether height  
 Look down with loving light,  
 Watching through all the night,

While we repose,  
 Heigho, Heigho,  
 We're getting tired and sleepy.

Hear the sweet lullaby  
 From all the branches nigh,  
 See, shines the fairy fly,  
 Like diamond crest ;  
 Nature to slumber calls,  
 Heavy each eyelid falls,  
 Languor pervades, enthralls,  
 Seek we our rest ;

Heigho, Heigho,  
 We're very tired and sleepy.

Good night, and pleasant dreams,  
 Sweet sleep till daylight beams,  
 Till early morning gleams,

Then we'll away ;  
 Good night, good night to all,  
 May no dark shadow fall,  
 And with the early call,  
 Hail the new day ;

Heigho, Good night,  
 We're very, very sleepy.

23 SERENADE. (WILLIAM.) "*Mary, love, the world reposes.*"

Mary, love, the world reposes,  
 Silence reigns o'er all around ;  
 Sleep with gentle arms encloses  
 Weary man in rest profound ;  
 Only whippoorwill and I are singing ;  
 Love, dost hear the sound ?

At this hour, so calm and peaceful,  
 'Tis my rest to think of thee ;  
 Of thy face and form so graceful,  
 Of thy heart so warm and free ;  
 Only whippoorwill and I are singing ;  
 Love, dost think of me ?

Still perchance though sweetly sleeping,  
 In thy dreams my song may be,  
 Hovering near and fondly keeping  
 Every shadow far from thee  
 Only whippoorwill and I are singing ;  
 Love, dost think of me ?

24 DREAM-SONG. (MARY.) "*There's none so brave as Willie.*"

There's none so brave as Willie,  
 None so strong and true ;  
 There's none with such a noble heart,  
 And Willie loves me too.

But when beneath the elm-tree's shade,  
 At summer twilight hour,  
 With manly voice he told his love,  
 Why lost my tongue its power ?

Ah ! me ! 'tis strange, when he is near,  
 That I can never tell,  
 But fain would hide from him the truth  
 My fond heart knows so well.

25 RECITATIVE AND SERENADE. (SNIPKINS.) "*My Katy.*"

Oh ! That wheelbarrow's always in my way, whenever I  
 come out here in the night,  
 And I'm sure to get a tumble over that or something else  
 when'er I venture out here in the night.  
 How dark ! how dark ! and lonely all around !  
 'Tis a shame that the street lamps are not lighted ;  
 I must say that I'm just a little frightened.  
 But here I'll stay, and sing my serenade  
 To Kate, sweet Kate, the pretty dairy-maid.

My Katy's a girl beyond compare,  
 There is none like her anywhere,  
 And I her lover true would be.  
 Sweet Kate never loved anybody but me.

Katy didn't. Katy didn't, I know she didn't.

Now, who is that, I'd like to know, who's contradicting me?  
 He'd better stop.

When all the others laughed at me,  
 And called me green as green could be,  
 Now tell me Katy, tell me true,  
 You did not laugh at me, did you?

If you don't stop, I'll call in the police, I won't be treated so.

And when I kneeled down at your feet,  
 And told you how I loved you, Kate,  
 Your face behind your apron hid,  
 You did not laugh at me, now did--

O, I know where you are—in that tree you're hid away.  
 Well stay, if you wish to—I shall retire.

26

FULL CHORUS. "*Good morning!*"

Good morning, good morning,  
 'Tis a bright summer morn and our harvest day,  
 With the first ruddy beams away! away!  
 Every creature around us seems to say,  
 Good morning, good morning!

How pure, how sweet the earth, the air, the sky,  
 How darts from out the east the light,  
 How mounts its rays on high,  
 From sleep we rise with life, and strength, and joy;  
 And quaff from bounteous nature's cup,  
 A draught without alloy.

'Tis a bright summer morn and our harvest day,  
 With the first ruddy beams away! away!  
 Every creature around us seems to say,  
 Good morning, good morning,

'Tis the merry, merry, merry, morning,  
 'Tis the merry, merry, merry morning,  
 With the first golden ray

Every creature seems to say,  
 As we're going on our way,  
 Merry morning!



27 RECITATIVE. (FARMER.) "*How pleasant are those cheerful words.*"

How pleasant are those cheerful words,  
 Happiness comes not from wealth,  
 Happiness comes not from station,  
 But from contentment, calm and true, calm and true.  
 He who walks cheerfully  
 On the path of duty,  
 Doing with his might what his hands find to do,  
 Loving God and his fellow-man,  
 He, he alone has the right to be happy.

28 SONG. (FARMER.) "*Blithely go we forth, tis our harvest day.*"

Blithely go we forth, 'tis our harvest day,  
 Everything around us is bright and gay ;  
 From the waving tree-tops, hear the merry song,  
 Floating thro' the valley, the tones prolong,  
 Hear the distant murmur of the woodland so fair ;  
 Welcome is its music on the bright morning air ;  
 Mingle then our voices as we go on our way,  
 With the cheerful sound, for tis our harvest day,  
 With the cheerful sound, tis our harvest day.

29 CHORUS AND ECHO. "*Light-hearted are we, and free from care.*"

Light-hearted are we, and free from care,  
 As forth to the fields we go.  
 While singing laughing, shouting,  
 The echoing hills are sounding,  
 As merrily forth we go.

Yo ho ! yo ho ! yo ho ! yo ! ho !  
 Sweet echoes from the hills are sounding,  
 As merrily forth we go.

Yes merrily forth, a happy band,  
 We go to the meadow fair,  
 The joyful birds are singing,  
 And hills and valleys ringing,  
 As merrily forth we go.

30 CHORUS. (MEN'S VOICES.) "*How like some tented camp.*"

How like some tented camp the distant field appears !  
 All glorious in the morning light,  
 Tho' wet with dewy tears,  
 How flies the heavy mist like smoke of battle's strife,  
 As brightening all the sky the sun is bursting into life,  
 Like the sword's bright flash and the saber's clash,  
 And the rolling drum,

Are the glancing light of the scythes so bright,  
 And the whirring hum,  
 Like the sword's bright flash, and the saber's clash,  
 And the rolling rolling drum,  
 Are the gleam of the glancing scythe,  
 And the whirr of the wood-bird's hum.

How like some tented camp the distant field appears,  
 All glorious in the morning light,  
 Tho' wet with dewy tears ;  
 How flies the heavy mist like smoke of battle's strife,  
 As bursting from the east the sun awakes new life.

31 RECITATIVE. (ANNA.) "*Joy, joy, it is not the tented field.*"

Joy, joy, it is not the tented field,  
 It is not the rolling drum,  
 It is not the saber's flash,  
 Nor the cannon's roar.  
 The only tents are of fragrant hay,  
 The only sentinels the hopping, hopping robins,  
 who at our approach have flown away.

32 SONG. (ANNA.) "*Scenes of happiness, I love ye.*"

Scenes of happiness, I love ye,  
 Dearer by far than the gay world's smiles,  
 Every object fair  
 Bringeth joy that no sorrow beguiles.  
 Home, dear home, so lovely,  
 With a full heart turning to thee,  
 I cling in my love like a vine  
 To the objects so dear to me.  
 Yes! scenes of happiness, I love ye,  
 Deep in my heart shall your mem'ry dwell,  
 When I wander far from friends and thee,  
 When I must say to all farewell.

33 RECITATIVE. (JOHN.) "*The dew now is off.*"

The dew now is off, and again spread we the hay,  
 That the sun's bright beams may finish their work.

34 QUINTET. "*How good is He, the Giver.*"

How good is He, the Giver,  
 Whose mercies fail us never,  
 Whose bounty large is ever,  
 Loving and free, and free,  
 From Him the bright sun shineth,  
 And soft at eve declineth,

His power the seasons changeth,  
 And each, his praise proclaimeth ;  
 Ever the bountiful Lord and King,  
 For everything he careth,  
 His notice nothing spareth ;  
 Not e'en the sparrow falleth,  
 Without his kind regard.  
 And here his love hath brought us,  
 His goodness here hath taught us,  
 That we with one accord  
 May praise, may praise the Lord ;  
 How good is He, the Giver,  
 Whose mercies fail us never,  
 Whose bounty large is ever.  
 Loving and free, ever loving and free and free,  
 Yet learn we a lesson from the falling grass,  
 In the morning it flourisheth and groweth up,  
 In the evening it is cut down and withereth.  
 So in a day our life may be ended ;  
 When that time shall come, may we be gathered into the  
 garner of the Most High. Praise the Lord.

35 CHORUS. "*How sultry is the day.*"

How sultry is the day,  
 No breath stirs the leaves,  
 The heavens are as brass,  
 And man and beast are like to faint,  
 Sings aloud the locust, who alone rejoices :  
 Parched are the fields.  
 And the broad corn-leaves are curling,  
 The air is glowing as from a heated furnace ;  
 The panting cattle loll their dripping tongues ;  
 It seems as tho' the earth were burning  
 On man and beast the fearful heat is pressing,  
 Man and beast the fearful heat oppressing,  
 All panting, all panting,  
 On man and beast the fearful heat is pressing.

36 SONG. (FARMER.) "*How hushed and Still.*"

How hushed and still are all the quivering airs !  
 How deep, profound, the silence nature wears,  
 With dread she seems oppressed, and waiting stands,  
 As if in hope some mighty power would burst the  
 heated bands ;  
 What power can give the parched earth life again,  
 How hushed and still the meadow, field, and plain !  
 But see ! in the west a cloud appears,  
 Higher and higher mounts its crest, rises its brilliant crest ;  
 See ! see ! it spreads its ample fold.  
 Look ! look ! its deepening fringe of gold ;

Ha ! behold the lightnings play, the vivid lightnings play  
 Spare not your muscles, now, good lads,  
 But quick to the work.  
 And rest not until within the barn  
 Our spoil be safely housed, till our spoil be safely housed.

37 FULL CHORUS. "*A shower ! a shower.*"

Yes ! to the work ! to the work !  
 A shower ! a shower ! a shower !  
 Hurry, hurry, come follow while quickly we rake up the hay,  
 Come fo low while quickly we rake up the hay.  
 The cloud rises fast, let us make no delay,  
 Hurry, hurry, hurry, make no delay,  
 Tis spreading, hurry, hurry, make no delay,  
 Come, follow while quickly we make no delay,  
 Roll the heavy winnow, roll the heavy winnow roll.  
 Hurry, hurry, see the rain is near,  
 See how it spreads.  
 Hurry for the black cloud is here.  
 On the wagon, on the wagon quickly load it away,  
 Quickly load it, quickly load it away.  
 Pitch it faster, pitch it faster, for the rain will not stay,  
 Faster, faster, pitch it faster, see the rain will not stay.  
 Pile it higher, higher higher,  
 So we'll not lose the day.  
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! we shall not lose the day  
 Now, now comes the wind,  
 Hurry, we shall not lose the day.

38 SONG. (SNIPKINS.) "*Will anybody lend me an umbrella.*"

Will anybody lend me an nmbrella ?  
 Say ! it's going to rain, as sure as shootin',  
 It will pour down in less than a giffen ;  
 There are no doorsteps to run under,  
 No awnings either here for shelter,  
 Say will anybody lend me an umbrella ?

Will anybody lend me an umbrella ?  
 Say ! A place beneath a tree I'd take,  
 If I didn't think the tree would leak ;  
 It's coming pretty soon, I tell ye,  
 I wish I'd brought my own umbrella.  
 Will anybody lend me an umbrella ?

Will anybody lend me an umbrella ?  
 Say ! And just as soon as the rain is thro',  
 I will return it straight to you ;  
 Yes, just as soon as the rain is through,  
 I will return it straight to you.  
 Will anybody lend me an umbrella ?

39 SONG. (JOHN.) "*Now creaks the heavy wagon.*"

Now creaks the heavy wagon on with its towering load,  
 While to his oxen the driver calls,  
 Up, Buck, come, Bright, now do your best,  
 Up, Buck, haw Bright, come here,  
 Now do your best, brave beast,  
 Put forth, put forth your strength, to save from harm  
 your winter's food.

Gee up ! gee up ! g'along !  
 Do your best, do your best, brave beasts :  
 Open wide, open wide the doors.  
 Now for a mighty pull !  
 Haw, Buck ! Haw, Bright ! Come here ! Who ho !  
 All safe, all safe, now stand at ease,,  
 While the coming storm is roaring,  
 Our fragrant spoil is safely housed  
 From the tempest rain outpouring  
 And now, if all our friends as well succeed the shelter  
 gaining,  
 With joy we'll sing our harvest song, and care not for the  
 raining,

40 FULL CHORUS. "*Shrouded is the sun.*"

All shrouded o'er and black the heavens as night,  
 How fearful and how grand,  
 The distant thunders roar ;  
 Its awful voice proclaims  
 The Maker's wondrous power.  
 But see ! see ! the rushing winds sways back and forth  
 the stately trees,  
 The rushing howling wind sways back and forth the  
 stately trees.  
 Yet fear not we, He, whom the winds obeyed,  
 Is master of the storm.  
 Now bursts with overwhelming crash the thunder's roar,  
 Earth trembles in affright,  
 Yet fear not we, yet fear not we,  
 The rain, the rain, it cometh now,  
 The rain, the rain, it cometh now in torrents pouring down,  
 Yet fear not we, the tempest but obeys but obeys His will.  
 Again the thunder's crash, and yonder mighty oak is riven  
 in twain as't were a quivering reed.  
 How fearful is the storm !  
 Yet fear not we, yet fear not we,  
 He whom the wind obeyed, is master of the storm.

41 DUET. (WILLIAM AND ANNA.) "*Lo! the clouds are breaking.*"

Lo! the clouds are breaking,  
 The storm its power hath spent ;  
 Nature smiles, awaking  
 With joy for mercies sent,  
 But hear the distant thunder's muffled pealing,  
 Where far away the storm appears,  
 Behold in radiant beauty smiling,  
 Looks the blue sky e'en thro' tears,  
 Yes, in radiant beauty smiling,  
 Looks the blue sky e'en thro' tears,  
 Lo! the heavens are breaking.  
 The storm its power hath spent ;  
 And see, with golden gleaming  
 The bow, the bow of promise sent.

42 FULL CHORUS. "*Rainbow, Rainbow !*"  
 Rainbow, Rainbow ! Hail, hail, to thee,  
 In brightness and beauty arrayed, in beauty glorious,  
 Rainbow! Rainbow! Welcome to thee,  
 Thou bright arch of glad promise made,  
 O welcome, welcome, welcome,  
 Welcome, bow of promise,  
 Welcome, arch of beauty,  
 Joyfully we hail thee,  
 Seal of promised mercy,  
 Glorious in thy brightness,  
 Welcome, ever welcome.  
 Glorious arch of beauty,  
 Joyful we hail thee, bright arch of heaven.  
 Rainbow, Rainbow ! Welcome to thee,  
 Thou bright arch of glad promise made,  
 Hail ! hail! hail !

43 SOLO (MARY) AND SEMI-CHORUS. "*All nature now rejoices.*"

All nature now rejoices,  
 With thousand happy voices,  
 O'er all her beauteous verdure  
 New freshness reigns again,  
 On valley, hill and mountain,  
 On woodland, grove and fountain,  
 The beauteous light is resting,  
 Where poured the summer rain.  
 The robin sings his song,

e breaking."

From the tree-top waving high,  
 With boisterous mirth it floats,  
 In the golden lighted sky  
 It merrily floats, it merrily floats,  
 All nature now rejoices,  
 With thousand happy voices,  
 O'er all her beauteous verdure  
 New freshness reigns again :  
 The little brook runs loudly laughing,  
 Laughing down the hill,  
 And louder, louder swells the song,  
 As joins each sparkling rill :  
 They laugh, laugh, laugh,  
 While leaping down the hill,  
 All nature rejoices.  
 How pure the mellow light,  
 How fresh and cool the air.  
 While floating in beauty the golden clouds appear,  
 On gentle breezes borne,  
 The balmy odors come,  
 While gladly we join in our merry harvest home.  
 With grateful hearts sing we now our harvest home

lorious,

44

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FINALE. FULL CHORUS. "Harvest Home."

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voices?"

Harvest home, harvest home,  
 Not in vain has been our labor,  
 Harvest home, harvest home.  
 Joyful, joyful sing,  
 Harvest home, harvest home,  
 Filled our barns with fragrant hay,  
 Harvest home, harvest home,  
 Let the song and dance go round,  
 Harvest home, harvest home,  
 Plenty smiles upon our labors,  
 Harvest home, harvest home,  
 Joyful, joyful sing,  
 Thanks be to Him who has given us the increase,  
 Joyful sing, harvest home,  
 Thanks be to Him who has given us the increase.  
 Then loud let the shout, let the shout go up,  
 Harvest home, O harvest home,  
 Thanks be to Him who has given us the increase,  
 Harvest home, O harvest home,  
 Joyful, joyful sing, our harvest labor's done,  
 Now let the song and dance go round,  
 Harvest home, harvest home,  
 Joyful, joyful sing, our harvest labor's done,  
 Harvest home, harvest home.

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